

## Herald's

Battling Bill Gets the  
First Round In This  
Presidential Punch Party.

## Sporting

Terrible Teddy Shouldn't  
Have Tried To Go On  
In the Heavyweight Class.

## Page

(EDITED BY TIMOTHY TURNER)

## This Johnson-Flynn Thing

Fancys and Fancies for Fans.  
By Timothy Turner

OKES are all right, as they say in Mississippi, in their place. Try this old favorite over your piano, as illustration of this Johnson-Flynn joke. You remember, the man was in jail and the smart lawyer came to see him and said, "Why, for that they can't keep you in here." And looking wistfully at the blue sky, the man in jail piped, "Maybe, they can't, as you say, but here I am." "Could anything be more pat," the prize fight folks say what governors can't do. But they do. The New Mexico instance, if it comes to a head, will not be the first time. Jeffries and Johnson were going to fight in California. It will be remembered. The governor couldn't stop it. But days ago Johnson was in jail. Bob Fitzsimmons and Peter Maher were going to fight in El Paso once. But they didn't. Corbett and Fitz were going to fight in Dallas once. They did not. The governors can't stop 'em.

But they do. What the abandonment of the Johnson-Flynn fight by Tommy Ryan means—well it is too much to tell. Ryan has been touted and fore-most by the fight press agent. The size of Syracuse had but to whisper and his voice thundered. And Ryan was the best grade man of both camps, the "square guy" of the game. The ex-middleweight's word is law with hundreds of fans and authorities.

Now Ryan quits, says Flynn is "fat as a hog," and hasn't the chance of a mosquito weight champion in a heavyweight battle royal. We have heard a lot about Johnson being out of the plank, that negro has fat all over his back, and that he is slow as a dairy cow. But, really, this dope of Ryan's is quite new. And Ryan ought to know. We can place no faith in the story that Syracuse Tommy quit for any other reason than that of supreme disgust.

Disgust is the word. It looks as though the meeting of Johnson and Flynn will not be a championship battle at all, or a fight of any kind. It will be merely an anti-bellum race to see which can take off the most flesh, and a post mortem for the man who takes off the least. They ought to send for Shylock, the original weight reducer.

At any rate it ought to be worth seeing, the middleweight scrap booked for June 27 Sunday-week. Promoters of the fight got word Tuesday afternoon from Tommy Ryan that he will be down with Howard Morrow on the next train. That will bring the fight to El Paso, where it is planned, and Jack Herick will take up quarters in El Paso. It seems certain that Ryan would have no impediment along with him, and local fans know how Herick is in the going.

While we are at it, let's not overlook this big negro, Harry Wills. Yes, still in town. Many El Paso fans have seen Wills work out, and what happened up in Johnson's camp hasn't leaked out yet, but will soon. Johnson went three rounds with the big New Orleans negro. The curtains were drawn. To resume along the board walk. This big boy Wills is a wise head, and not too old at the game. Two negro heavies should go well for June 27, especially in connection with a good class light weight bout. At any rate, let's not see any more of the dogs. The fresh boys always get better whether they are good or not. Wills will go to a finish, and love it.

"I am in Douglas and have with me Frankie Gage, 133 pounds," writes Jack Pozzari to The Herald. "I would like to match him in your city against any boy that you may pick for him, as I would like to go down there." They are coming fast—the challenges.

Tommy Ryan and Jack Curley went one fast round at Las Vegas recently, no decision.

Well, if we will do anything once, we won't have to do that again.

Giants' Captain, Noted Batsman,  
Explains the Science of Batting

By Larry Doyle

"One of the First Things That a Batter Should Learn Is Bunting," Says He. In Real Hitting, the Fact Is That Much of It Is a Guessing Match With the Pitcher.



APTAIN Larry Doyle, of the Giants, who shapes up this season as if he would give the Zimmermans and other sluggers of the National League a warm race for the championship batting honors, gives in this article his views of the great science of hitting.

Doyle is generally considered a "slugger" by the fans of New York, and there is some "O-o-o-h" from the stands when he misses one of his fierce swings. But, as a matter of fact, there is no blind slamming at the ball when the Giant captain is at the bat. He is a good "waiter," and he hits with skill and precision.

"Somebody," Doyle says, "was Willie Keeler—said in one sentence all there is to batting." Doyle, Keeler was asked the secret of his remarkable hitting and he replied that it was to hit 'em where they ain't. But every fellow that breaks into baseball can't be a Keeler. He must have a base hits out of anything, because he had the science of place-hitting down to a point that few men have ever anywhere near equalled. Still his rule for success covers the whole ground.

Learn to Bunt First. "One of the first things that a batter should learn is bunting—how to lay the ball down," says ball players say. The value of the bunt can't be over-estimated. I think that some teams play a bunting game too much, and manager McGraw has always been opposed to the sacrifice game; but when a bunt is wanted it is wanted badly, and while the Giants very seldom use it—only the fast men as a rule—every man on the batting order is supposed to be able to lay down a bunt when it is called for.

"When you want to bunt you hold your bat in the natural manner, but instead of swinging you slip the upper hand a foot or so out along the bat and poke your stick in the path of the ball. The bat is not gripped as tightly as when you swing, and the result is that almost all of the force of the ball is absorbed. It rebounds only a few feet

and rolls in whatever direction you have guided it.

"The strength of your swing is, of course, governed by your bodily strength, but in any case, swing. Don't chop down at the ball or poke at it. If you meet it squarely the result will surprise you, even if you swing with half your strength. How far away from the plate you stand is governed by your own physical build.

"One thing above all—don't pull away. Some fellows once I met a ball player never pulls away from the plate excepting after meals, and that is good stuff. Don't do it. If you naturally shrink back or step back for your swing instead of forward make it a habit to step forward when your left foot should go a forward step if you are a right-handed batter—and practice stepping forward until it comes naturally.

"This is about all the help I can give. I suppose that, after all, batters are born and not made, but a man who isn't afraid of the ball can improve his hitting a lot by following a few rules of style that are the same for all batters."

ROLLER THROWS TERN IN MATCH AT DALLAS. Dallas, Tex., June 19.—Dr. R. F. Roller won two straight falls from Yussif Hussein, the Turk, last night. The first fall came at the end of one hour, 13 minutes, and the second fall in 31 minutes.

CHARLEY WHITE BEATS A JERSEY CITY BOXER. New York, N. Y., June 19.—Charley White, the Chicago featherweight, out-fought and outboxed Young Shugrue, of Jersey City in a 10 round bout last night, winning more decisively than in their bout here two weeks ago.

SCOOP  
THE CUB REPORTER

## The Houn' Was Waiting for Scoop When He Came Out

"BY HOP"

## THE EARLIEST BALL GAME

Little Stories About Baseball

By W. A. Phelon



claim, says Frank Bancroft, the old war horse who has been safeguarding the finances of ball clubs for nearly 40 years, that a team under my management holds the absolute record for an early ball game. The game in question was played more than thirty years ago, at Worcester, Mass.; the contesting clubs were the Worcesters and the Nationals, of Washington, and the hour was seven in the morning.

"The Nationals came into Worcester with considerable prestige and a determined desire to win three games. They needed them very badly to keep them near the top of the heap, and Worcester also needed them to keep from flopping to a ridiculous position in the discard. Hence there was vast public interest, and the first game drew a capacity crowd, for Worcester in those days—something like 8,000 people. The Nationals beat us—I have actually forgotten the exact score, it was so long ago—and they held great jubilation that evening.

"The second game also drew a capacity crowd, and this time we won out, something like 5 to 7, a vigorous battle. The third and final game of the set had a packed stand, and was going along on even terms, when a terrific storm came up, flooding the park and killing off all chance to finish the game.

"Both teams were growing about the rain and the big crowd was fussing and seething, yelling for a return of the money. It was in the days before rain checks were invented, and we were in an awful stew between the wrangling ball clubs and the impatient populace. Washington was scheduled for Providence the next day, and it seemed to be a hopeless situation, when the idea came to me of playing it off in the early morning. There would be a train out at 10, and Washington could make comfortable connection on it. I sprung the suggestion, both teams promptly assented, and I announced to the crowd that this game would be played off at 7 a. m. on Sunday free!

"The crowd cheered, laughed and dispersed without further trouble. The clubs went to their quarters, early calls were left, and at 7 the game was called—before an audience of millions? No, sir—before one of the biggest audiences ever seen in Worcester. The Nationals, as we call it, won the game, and the Nationals beat Worcester, caught their 10 o'clock train in ample time, and went on their way—winners of the earliest baseball game in the annals of league history. Ah, but those were the happy days!"

JIMMY CLABBY IS  
BUGS ABOUT PONIES

How Love of Fishing Lost  
the Fighter Some Good  
Dough.

(BY THOS. S. ANDREWS)

Milwaukee, Wis., June 19.—Jimmy Clabby, the Milwaukee boy who formerly held the welterweight championship and relinquished it to advance into the middleweight ranks, has taken a great fancy to the racing game, and it will not be surprising to hear of Jeems having a racing stable before he gets through. Then again, Jimmy may go broke on the ponies before he has a chance to get a stable of his own and he may not be able to follow in the footsteps of "Pittsburgh Phil" and other plungers. Clabby has been boxing in Australia the past six months and has done remarkably well, earning big money and winning practically all his battles. He has been attending the races at the famous Randwick course in Sydney and reports just received here state that one big stake race netted Jimmy nearly 400 pounds, which would be \$2000, while another race brought him home winner to the amount of 225 pounds, nearly \$1200. He is reported to have won big sums of money on the races, but whether Jeems is hanging onto the coin is another question. No wonder the fair

haired Jimmy has a liking for far-away Australia, for he has written home that he likes the country so well he is thinking of remaining there until next season, although last reports by cable announced that he would come to the states for the summer to see his folks and return again in the fall. If Jimmy were to leave before July 4, he would offer to meet Mike Gibbons at Buffalo, N. Y., on Independence day, but it is not expected that he will get back in time for a match between Clabby and Gibbons at 150 pounds would be worth traveling a few miles to see, as both are clever and fast of foot, with Jimmy having the hardest kick in his mitt.

Fighter Goes Fishing. Bob Meia, the classy middleweight of Milwaukee, who is about as hard a nut to crack as there is among the 158 or 170 pounders in this or any other country, lost a bunch of coin last week because he went on a fishing expedition and failed to leave word with his manager where he could be found. Bob hiked away to a shack somewhere around Pewaukee lake, 20 miles from Milwaukee, and for three days wires to his home in Milwaukee went unanswered. He had one offer from London to leave at once for a meeting with Georges Carpentier, which meant big money, and another to leave for London on June 12. But failure to locate him cost the trip to the antipodes. It would have meant some big matches in Australia and a good guarantee. Next time Robert goes away on a fishing trip he will no doubt leave his address.

IS COIN CAUSE  
OF BREAK-OFF?

Another Side of the Flynn-  
Ryan Estrangement  
Is Explained.

(BY H. W. LANIGAN)

East Las Vegas, N. M., June 19.—Tommy Ryan is preparing to leave the city with his candidate for middleweight championship honors, Howard Morrow. As Flynn already is in the pink of shape he did not feel like paying Syracuse Tommy any fancy figure for simply sticking around, especially as Ryan is in a position to make some money with Morrow. Flynn's condition is remarkable, as a big crowd of sightseers who saw him in action Sunday attested. Johnson also played to a big crowd. Starting Monday George de Bray, the Chicago heavy-weight, will do the bulk of the heavy work with Lil' Artha. Tom Flanagan is expected to enter Camp Johnson some time today. He is coming down from Toronto to help the champion handle his business affairs just as he did at Reno.

Dr. Edwin B. Shaw, who examined and measured Flynn and Johnson on Saturday, calls the pugilist an "iron man," and while refraining from attempting to pick the winner of the July 4 battle, states that Lil' Artha's chest expansion is not what it should be and that he doubts if the dusky champion has enough endurance to be able to put up a gruelling fight in the event that Flynn proves a fitting antagonist.

Doctor's Opinion. "I regard Jim Flynn as one of the most magnificent specimens of physical development that I have ever examined, and I have had some wonderfully strong men and natural athletes come before me for observation," says Dr. Shaw. "I did not find a single flaw in the man. He seems to be possessed of wonderful endurance, the high altitude of this country not affecting him in the least."

Ball Players Are  
Poor At Training

"Ball players have no idea about how to fit themselves for hard work," says the trainer of a big league team. "They eat too much, smoke too much and do not cool out properly after a game. Imagine a player cutting out meat and vegetables and eating pastry three times a day! Pie for breakfast is a new one on me, yet I know of at least one man who never does without several pieces of pie each day. Cigarettes and cigars are used without discretion,

which makes the players short winded and also affects their eyes. Some of them are in such a hurry to get away from the grounds that they tuck their clothes on without stopping perspiration and then go into the street to have their limbs stiffened by cold winds. In my opinion ball players should be trained like all classes of athletes—fighters, runners, football players and oarsmen. But it's hard to convince them. They seem to know it all and regard a trainer as a nuisance."

Baseball men say that the only trainer who exercises absolute authority is the negro employed by the Giants, McGraw backs him up to the limit and is ready to punish members of the team who do not obey him. The result is that the Giants are fit all the time.

Y. M. WRESTLERS  
GO ON IN PUBLIC

It is planned for two Y. M. C. A. boys to wrestle as a preliminary to the Anderson-Miller middleweight match booked for this Saturday night in the theater at Washington park. The names of the boys is withheld by the promoters, as the laddies are bashful about publicity, although keen to go on for a twisting tangle on the padded floor.

ADDITIONAL SPORT  
ON NEXT PAGE.

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## Us Boys

## Skinny Shaner's Star Is No Lucky One

(Registered United States Patent Office.)

## By Tom McNamara

